Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approch, Ghoſts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and flouds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aie conſort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe: I am ſeard in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one. *Enter Lyſander.*

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſt
Rob. Follow me then to p
Enter Demetri
Deme. Lyſander, ſpeake ag
Thou runaway, thou coward
Speake in ſome buſh. Where
Rob. Thou coward, art th
Telling the buſhes that thou
And wilt not come? Come
Ile whip thee with a rod. He
That drawes a ſword on the
Deme. Yea, art thou there
Ro. Follow my voice, wee'l
Lyſ. He goes before me, a
When I come where he calle
The villaine is much lighter
I followed faſt, but faſter he
That fallen am I in darke vn
And here will reſt me. Come
For if but once thou ſhew m
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuer
Robin and Deme
Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward,
Deme. Abide me, if thou
Thou runſt before me, ſhiftin
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor loo
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am he
De. Nay then thou mockſt
If euer I thy face by day-ligh
Now goe thy way: faintneſſ
To meaſure out my length o
By daies approch looke to be
Enter Helen
Hel. O weary night, ô lon